

Off Limits

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Summary: When the Black Mesa incident happened it left many of their employees to fend for themselves. Join Matt and his adventure through the depths of the laboratory, facing Vortigaunts, Military and himself.

1. Chapter 1

I do not own any of the characters used in this piece of fiction, and do not claim to. I am not in way associated / affiliated to Valve / Steam and the Half Life series or any related series.

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><p>AN: Hello, this is my first Half Life Fanfic, flame if you want, follow and favourite too. Oh and review helps too! Away with the story!

-Penguin

* * *

><p>Matt awoke to the loud bleeping of a siren. His alarm clock. His sight was limited. He put his hand out to the side, to search for an object. His glasses. Once he had found them, he extracted himself from his bed.<p>

Matt was what you could call a 'scientist' working at the infamous Black Mesa Laboratories. He was working on a quantum tunnelling device, like Aperture Science's ASHPD. But this one would be...better.

As Matt headed for the employee transport train. He heard someone: "Hey, Matt!" A gruff murmur resonated. I froze and slowly turned around. It was Joey in his HEV suit.

"Oh, hey Joey, how are you?" I said trying to act calm and collected.

"I'm good, but I need to get to waste management so I'll see you later," After Joey had said that he patted my shoulder with his Kevlar hand.

Joey is Matt's overseer, meaning that any developments had to pass through him first.

When I got to the transport station, I realized that I was going to be late. Again. I boarded the one that was heading to sector D. The train was empty apart from me. I sat down on one of the cushioned blue seats, relaxed whilst listening to the humming of electricity and the regular safety announcements made by Black Mesa.

The train halted mid journey. Thoughts plagued my mind. The only option I thought it could be was a power fault, these are regular when your laboratory has to operate on such low funding. I waited a few minutes until I could bear the wait no longer, I hit the door release button it opened with a mechanical hum. I jumped out. I was close enough to sector D, my sector, so I walked the rest of way, but walking on a monorail sure is tricky.

I arrived to see panic. The guards were stationary at the station they saw me and said: "I'm sorry but this area of the facility is currently off limits,"

"Off limits!?" Matt said angrily. "I'm working on the portal device-,"

"I'm afraid it's off limits," The guard grunted. Matt headed off to the monorail tracks. His head was now being swarmed with thoughts, mostly. An experiment gone wrong. My stream of thoughts was interrupted by a choir of guns singing their song of death. This burst lasted for five seconds. And was quickly silenced by screams. I turned around to see panic. Chaos. Tall beings, with green energy spouted from their hands. "Matt, get out of here!" One of guards shouted "Get a HEV suit! Go!"

I did as the guard said, I ran back towards the train. When I reached the car, I saw that the tracks were broken, above the toxic acid that Black Mesa pump to 'Waste Management'. Waste Management, Joey. I brushed the thoughts aside. I needed to get to the other side, where the train was.

The noxious gases, mixed with the smell of corroding metal. Was overwhelming. Then I heard it, the sounds of those monsters. Their wet feet, their clicking noise. To me, those noises meant: escape, run. "Okay," I took a deep breath "3...2...1," I jumped.

The jump was under-powered, but it had enough force so that I could clear it. Just. I began to collect myself, the I heard the unmistakable sound of metal bending, breaking, snapping. Then all those noises were overlaid with the sound of, those...things. I had to run. Again.

I ran past an elevator shaft I stopped, only to hear screams, shouts and the tell-tale sounds of panic as an elevator descended, then hit the ground.

I was shocked, I swore silently to myself, when I realized two things: the light, power's back on-line, although it was flickering. And that there's a ladder, to freedom, safety, sanctuary. I ran into the elevator shaft, only just managing to grab the ladder, when I heard it. Those creatures are back. Looking, searching for me. I pushed myself flat against the ladder. Then one of them put their bulbous head out through the elevator doors. He looked up, but not down.

I waited in that position until they gone. I looked up, now's my chance...to escape.

After about 4 minutes of climbing, I saw it. An elevator, jammed in the shaft. I gulped as I started to descend back down. In the haste, I miss the door I came in. Then the creaking came, not from the ladder but the lift. It fell. I jumped into the next floor landing with a roll. Then it rushed past. "This is not a game," I whispered under my breath "I only have one life,"

"Get up! Drop whatever you're holding! And turn around!" I did as I was told only to see Joey holding a gun and a knife.

"M-Matt?"

"Yes," I answered

"Duck!" Joey shouted, yet again I did as I was told. He then shot some bullets at this walking corpse, a zombie. The stench it made was horrible, it seemed to be a person but on its head was a crab like monster.

"C'mon Matt, we need to get you suited up," He said whilst walking off in the direction of waste management.

"Wait," I said bemused

"Yes Matt?"

"Wh-what was that?" I asked

"A head-crab infesting on a human. He was a zombie." Joey said putting emphasis behind 'was'.

When we reached the room where the HEV suits were kept, there was only one left, looks like someone else had our idea. I zoned out thinking about what the now dead guard said, "Get a HEV suit,"

"Oi, Matt get over here," Joey said. After he had said that, my head sprug up, like a Jack-in-a-box and I came out of my trance like state.

I stared at the remaining HEV suit. It was in pristine condition.

"Looks like you've got one of the new ones, unlike mine," Joey said. When he said that a small smile appeared on my face.

I do not own Half-Life or any things related to it, all I own are the characters. I do not own Valve or Steam.

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<p>Chapter 2 - Suiting Up<p>

Matt was inside of the suit. Joey had made sure all the cables/wires leading into it were disconnected.

"Looking good," Joey commented.

"It's not meant to look good, it's to protect you in hazardous environments," I replied.

"Well, okay then," Joey replied. "Well, we better be off then,"

We walked out of the room, the two orange men. Black Mesa was now eerily quiet in comparison to how it usually is. The corridors were desolate and in places scattered with equipment and shells from bullets.

We were heading back towards the main corridor when the lights started to flicker then shut down. "Looks like we're gonna have to use the suits lighting" Joey commented whilst fiddling with something near his neck. He clicked it. And a light spluttered out of his suit. I did the same.

"Yet another barricade," I commented.

"Looks like you're going up a lift shaft, again." He pointed to a lift shaft to my right. "All the lifts crashed to the bottom when the power went out,"

We clambered up the ladder, and escaped on the top level. Nearly there Joey said. We moved towards the entrance when we heard voices, we peeped our heads around a corner to see an entrance hall with military troops littered all around. Some testing their guns, others were just chatting. "Why are they here?" I whispered to Joey.

"I dunno," was all he said.

Then we saw them three Black Mesa scientists, the military had also seen them. A couple of soldiers let a few bullets fly into them. The bullets killed them on site gulped. We exchanged cautious glances, between us and the corpses, lying there, blood soaking through there uniform. "I guess that coming out there isn't an option, well not one that I'm willing to take," I said. We then proceeded to head back to the elevator shaft, until we heard voices, mumbled voices; we quickly dived into a storage cupboard.

"Okay, do you know the orders from Shepard?" Said a gruff man with a low tone to his voice.

"Err, I-I'm not sure. It's my first operation, whilst being p-part of the m-military," Said a discernibly younger voice.

"Shoot anyone, who is not wearing their uniform," Said the older one.

"R-roger," The younger one said, hardly audible of the sound of the boots on the metal.

We waited until we had made sure that the pair had passed and stepped out of the cupboard. "Do you think we should head to the lower levels?" I asked tentatively.

"No, we'd be digging a grave for ourselves if we did, you heard what the guards said, they'd kill us," Joey replied.

We walked down the main corridor for some time until we passed down a corridor saying: 'Weapon Technologies'. We headed down that route for some time, are suits making noises telling us about the suits health, the climate, and generally just getting annoying. Until a tremor resonated through the floor, causing masonry to come loose, in the end, we had to duck into a laboratory room, and good thing we did as a chunk of the ceiling fell down, near where we were standing, and also blocking our exit. The tremor eventually stopped, and the dust cleared, we were in a room with 2 or three bodies, already dead but each of their bodies were now pinned down with a piece of masonry. "We need to go," Joey said with a hint of reminisce. Once we had left the laboratory by a back door, we found an office complex, "There should be an exit train nearby," Joey said in his usual optimistic manner. We need to cross the office complex by a catwalk which was directly above the office complex. We walked over until I heard a mechanism starting up, a turret. I had seen them used in briefings, but I had never been able to see one in person.

It started pushing bullets out at us, we ran back towards where we came from, and started deliberating a plan. The plan was to avoid all the bullets, or in other words run in zigzag patterns to stay out of permanent line of fire. Simple. On the count of three: "1-2-3!" Joey said, "Run!" I did as I was told; he was my supervisor of course. My mind was caught up in thinking about what was needed to be done after we escaped. But I snapped back to what we were doing, running, when a bullet pierced my left shoulder blade, throwing me to the floor, injuring me. Joey looked back to see what the noise was, when a look of shock spread over his face. "M-m-Matt?" He then managed to get me to my feet whilst the barrage of bullets still continued, impaling the metal. I started limping along, which obviously wasn't fast enough as I could hear the bullets whizzing past me at quick speeds. I moved in to a swift hobble, but making sure I wasn't causing my shoulder to much pain.

The exits came and went, until we had reached the third. By the time we had reached the third exit, the pain in my shoulder had become unbearable, it was like someone had ripped it open, then put a red hot poker inside then sealed it up, with the flaming poker still inside me. I rested up against a wall, as I started to fell my eyes gradually close, until I drifted off. Completely.

* * *

><p>When I awoke, I saw Joey. "Ah, good to see that you're awake. You've been out for some time, it took us some time to get you here, you haven't lost too much blood," My eyes instantly shot wide when I heard Joey say 'we'.<p>

"W-where are we?" I asked, fighting back a tear.

"You're in the medical bay on the lower levels of Black Mesa, even further from where we need to be," Towards the sentence Joey started to mumble as his words became incomprehensible. He then came over to me and said: "Night, night Matt," in an eerie voice, I was scared as I fell back to sleep.

When I awoke next, I heard banging. I moved over to the closed door, hoping that it wasn't locked, it wasn't a look of relief flew across my face, but I was still questioning the banging noise in my mind. I stepped out from my small box room to see medical beds lined up in rows, like the ones you would see topside in the hospitals. I had never been to a hospital area. But I kept walking along, down the aisle looking at the medical beds stained with blood. Then the banging stopped, and the door in front of me opened, I saw a military soldier.

3. Chapter 3

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****Off Limits - Chapter 3 - Shipped Out****

A/N Hello! Penguin here, I got my first review, and I feel compelled to reply.

>Review Time:<p>

BPADancegirl6: Thank you for the review, I really appreciate it.

I looked at the military soldier, he looked at me, scanning me, I did the same, his weapon holster strapped onto his khaki coloured belt, although it was empty except a few small bulges at the bottom, probably bullets, but he had no weapon. I was scared, whenever I looked at any part of him, I saw patches in vision go black, highlighting him.

I walked back, slowly, trying to keep my vision off of him, but I could not.

I tripped up. I fell to the cold, hard, white tiled floor, and a devious smile appeared on his face. It was a grin that would stop those aliens still.

I then woke up, beads of sweat dripping from my untidy hair. I tried to get back to sleep, but I could not. Then Joey walked in and sat next to me on an old rickety wooden stool. "How long have we been here, in the medical ward?" I asked my voice wavering, I was noticeably scared, one for my well-being, the other for the dream I had. I was sitting up by this point.

"1 week, there have been military patrols, intensifying every day. We're running out of ammo." Joey said putting hand on my shoulder and pushing me forward slightly he was examining my wound.

He stared at it for a good few seconds and then pulled my T-Shirt back over it, he said noting while he did all of that. This was shocking, as Joey's quite the conversationalist.

"How long. Until my wound is healed?" I asked.

"1 day, you're lucky Black Mesa has the right medical supplies," Joey confined.

"Joey, why am I in here, and not out on the other medical beds?" I asked I was hoping for a good answer.

Joey perked up, "How did you know there were other beds outside?" Joey asked, with a look of sadness, terror but right now, mostly surprise.

I knew I was in for it, but I came up with a response: "Well, y-you said medical ward, so I thought medical beds,"

A look of suspicion smothered all the other emotions showing on Joey's face, he then got up and walked out. He kept eye contact with me at all times though. Then I felt sleep grab hold of me and slowly pulled me into the abyss.

I was in my hospital room, I got up, but this time, an unknown force dragged me to the cold tiled floor. Then the banging started again, but this time it was entwined with a rhythmic drum beat, it sounded like an old Saxon or African-American, tribal dance. Each time the song came to its climax, it sent shivers through me, chilling me to the bone.

But then there's an ominous knock on the metal door, whoever it was knocked 5 times. Every time he knocked, it added a new beat to the drumming. The door then opened, and I saw the same soldier, but this time his uniform was covered in blood. And a gun was holstered. "Do you hear that?" He asked, his voice booming, almost God like. "I hear this every day, to me, it is a clock, to you it's torture. But what it really is, it is the song of death, destruction, dismay. And soon Matt, you too will join it,"

I woke up again breathing heavily. Sweat now pouring down from my now greasy hair. I tried to sit up, but I was met by an uncomfortable seething pain in my right shoulder. Where I was shot.

I didn't get back to sleep that night, my mind was plagued. I must have looked asleep as Joey walked in, looked at me then said nothing. But my mind was in deep thought, about what the soldier in my dreams had said. "Soon, Matt, you will join it," I was scared. But I kept replaying it over and over in my mind. Hoping that it would make me immune to him, it. It did not.

Joey got up from the rickety stool, where he always sat, and started to walk towards to the door, when I said, weakly: "J-Joey, h-how l-l-long now?" My voice strained by the pain I was in.

"I'm sorry Matt, I really don't know," he then proceeded out of the door.

I tried to choke out words, but I could not.

It has been three days since my last encounter with the 'man', every day, Joey comes in sometimes it's the Doctor, sometimes without. But every time he visits me, he tells me how we're doing. And the doctor has been giving me increased dosages on the medicine.

"I think it's nearly healed," Joey commented, he was tired. His face showed distinct signs of fatigue. Right now, I was scared for his well-being, not mine.

"Are you sure you're alright?" I asked Joey.

He responded with a cough then mumbled: "I'm fine,"

The door suddenly opened. "Joey! They've gotten through! Through the defensive lines!" One of the people shouted. Joey then grabbed his gun checked it over, pulled the safety catch off and rushed out.

"Have fun," I said laughing softly to myself.

The deafening roar of guns piercing bodies, screams, shouts. I just hoped that Joey was alright. Then Joey and some other survivors burst into my rudimentary chamber. Some people lifted me off of my bed and placed me onto the stool.

Some of the survivors started to cry, others just sat thinking and others just let out streams of curse words. I was worried. But Joey stood up on the table, he was trying to rally them. "My comrades, our stand has come, we must fight! For Black Mesa!"

Most of the survivors looked dumbstruck. Until one of them said: "What have we got to lose?!" A cheer went up, considerably loud for 15 people. "Come, let us join arms!"

A loud banging noise started, like the one in my dream. All of us looked shocked and then placed themselves at different heights, their guns ready.

What happened next, was almost instantaneous, the door was blown off of its hinges, shrouding us in dust. When the first stream of bullets pounded in, pinging off of surfaces. I saw a man throw his head back, wildly. He'd been shot. I reached down for his gun, I fell off of my stool. I grabbed the gun then rolled over, to see a man with a gun placed in his hand. I pulled the trigger on my gun.

Nothing happened, I pulled it again, nothing happened. A grin appeared on his face, but a bullet quickly hit him in the temple, he fell to the floor sideways, blood oozing out of his wound, I looked up to see Joey, holding out a hand. I grabbed it with my left arm. He then gave me a friendly embrace then placed me onto the stool. I looked around, to a blind eye, it would look like we had lost no one, but we did.

I did a double take, there seemed to be three women tending to peoples wounds. They were inspecting the men. One of them walked over to me. "What happened here!?" She exclaimed.

"Shot by a Black Mesa turret," She looked surprised, "It's healing up fine though." The fright on her face seemed to disappear slightly, and she introduced herself.

"I'm Freya" she said, a small blush appearing.

"Matt," I said. She then went behind me, administered some

painkillers around the entrance wound and then plunged a syringe just below the wound. It stung. But the pain seemed to quickly dissipate through my body. It was filling me up from the inside. The next thing I knew, my muscles were relaxing. And it felt like I was floating on a cloud. Then my back relaxed fully, releasing me into Freya's awaiting arms.

The next thing I knew was that I was in a bed, not the one I had been in previously, but one of the softer ones outside of my vault like room. I turned my head to see not one person, but two. "Oh my God!" a woman's voice exclaimed, "You're awake!" It clicked; it was Freya, the medic that had helped me.

I thrown my eyes over towards her, this time I could see her properly, brown hair, that seemed to never stop flowing from their roots, a cute rounded face, an hourglass figure, that seemed to end up at her waist into some sort of belt. She was tall, about my height.

She then gingerly wrapped her arms around my stomach. Being careful not to cause further injury. When her hug receded the warmth of her body disappeared. She then proceeded to sit down on a chair.

It was Joey who spoke up first: "Matt, you...you nearly went into a coma last night, we wouldn't have been able to keep the machines running to keep your condition stable," Joey explained, a tear forming in his dry nostalgic eyes. "We nearly lost you Matt,"

I was surprised at this, of course they wouldn't have been able to keep the machines running, but I don't remember anything too strenuous in my dreams.

"Freya was looking after you all night long,"

I then looked over at the weary Freya, sighed and said: "Thank you,"

A small blush appeared on her cute face, she was adorable. "I-it w-was nothi-ng," She stammered whilst getting the words out.

I chuckled for a few seconds, and then sat in silence, contemplating the events, I was severely injured, Black Mesa is now over-run with Military and Aliens, the hospital was attacked, and I was met by a strange man in my dreams.

"Well, we'll see you later Matt,"

"One more question, how long until I'm out of the hospital?"

"Today" Freya answered. I looked at them in shock, my eyes opened wide. I stared at them in surprise.

"We've made modifications to your HEV suit so it is accustomed to your injury," Joey replied "Get some rest now,"

When awoke next, I saw my HEV suit hanging on a hangar, which was hanging from the piece of apparatus that has the drips on it. Then Joey walks towards me: "Do you need some help with that?" Joey said, uttering a chuckle from his throat.

I nodded; he was suited up in his HEV suit, now with a semi-automatic rifle strapped onto his waist.

"C'mon, quickly Matt," Joey ushered "We need to get out of here, they can't hold the military off for much longer!" I nodded. And started to pull the chest piece over my head. My wound stung.

"Where's Freya?" I asked optimistically. Whilst hearing a whoosh of air pass through the suit as it attached itself to my body.

"She's safe, now come on, quickly." Joey said, I then started to pull the leggings on, with my left hand.

Once I had the leggings up to around my knee they became easier to pull up.

"Okay, now stand up" Joey said with a stern but reassuring voice. And I did as I was told. It took me a while to actually stand up, but when I did, it was like standing on a cushion, although my right arm was locked into place. "Try to move your right arm," Joey said, and I tried, but found it to be near impossible.

"I can't I said, it's locked still," I commented.

"When you move at higher speeds, your arm will start to free up, so you can gain momentum, but when you stop, the suit will lock your arm back into place," Joey explained. "Now come on," Joey said, although he didn't say why we were in a hurry.

He lead me to the entrance, to see three other people, all of them in HEV suits. "Oi Joey," One of them yelled "You took your time,"

Once we had reached the group, I recognized Freya. She then proceeded to give me a warm embrace. After about 3 seconds she released.

"Okay, well this is Matt, he was wounded so, go easy on him," Joey said, chuckling the last part out. "Well, you've already met Freya, so go ahead introduce yourself,"

I walked over to one of the men, who was working with his gun. "Hello?" I asked tentatively.

"Oh hey Matt, I'm Jake." He said, he then picked up three items, a gun, crowbar and ammunition for the said gun. "Here take these, you'll need them," Jake said with a slight air of mystery that shrouded him. I grabbed the weapons that he gave me.

I then walked over to the other person, who was just tapping his feet and generally looking impatient. "Are we going yet?" He asked with a impatient tone.

"I don't know,"

"Well you're helpful,"

I then walked over to Joey with my crowbar in hand. "Okay, well you seem ready to go." Joey said. "Matt, help Freya open the door," I nodded and walked over to where Freya was standing.

"Okay Matt, if you just hold these two locks up, while I slide the door open, we should be good to go," I did as I was told and held the two locks up whilst Freya opened the door with ease. "There, all done" she said as the door thumped its way home.

"Come on guys, we need to go!" Joey shouted.

4. Chapter 4

Disclaimer: I do not own Half-Life. I am not affiliated with Valve; the creators of the Half-Life universe.

A/N Hey guys! It's Penguin here with the fourth update/chapter for Off Limits! I'm taking OC requests for Military soldiers so, put them in a review! Lay them out like this:

* * *

><p>Name:<p>

Weapon: (Has to be from Half-Life 1/Black Mesa Source or within reason)

Nickname/s:

Special Ability/s:

Gender:

Oh and can you amazing guys put in your reviews if the Dam blows up in surface tension.

On with Chapter Four!

* * *

><p>Chapter Four - Redactions<p>

I looked across to where Joey was standing. "Okay everyone," He said "As we all know, we need to get to the surface, and fast," We all nodded.

"But how?" The one with the guns said.

"We need to get to the North Turbine Hall, and to get there, we go through access vents and corridors," Joey replied.

"But isn't the North Turbine Hall located in the Lambda complex?" Freya asked.

"Yes Freya, yes it is in the Lambda complex. And this would be a problem because?" Joey replied quenching all further questions. "Well then let's go!"

I glanced across to where Freya was standing in her modified suit. A smile formed on her lips. I also smiled and stuck a hand out for Freya. She nodded, took my hand and we followed the group.

Once we had caught up with the rest of the group, they had stopped at

an intersection in the shape of a T. And Joey had signalled us to a stop with a hand in the air. Then we heard it the sound of boots crashing against the metallic floor. "Go!" Joey ushered to move to the right then further right. We were heading east for what seemed to be ages, until we reached a warehouse complex. Full of shipping containers and a few on an access tunnel that leads in and out. The room was shadowed by a massive gantry crane hanging in the rafters.

"Matt! Quick get up there," Joey pointed to the crane but I knew where he meant. When I reached the steel ladder, I took it two rungs at a time, sometimes three.

The steel rungs of the ladder were deathly cold and it felt like my hands would freeze and I would fall to my death. But I didn't. Instead I reached the top and lay flat on one of the metal bars of the gantry crane.

It was another thirty seconds until the military walked in wearing there red berets that sat slightly askew upon their heads. There were eight soldiers in total, and they split up.

But also from this vantage point I could see Freya, Joey and one of the two others.

I aimed my sight with one of their heads. I held my gun steady. And I pulled the trigger. A bullet flew from somewhere deep inside the gun. The soldier fell to the ground like a sack of potatoes. But thick red blood was oozing out of the top of his head.

One of the soldiers heard the man fall, and turned sharply to see one of his comrades had been dispatched. I walked back towards the entrance and looked around. He then seemed to lift a communicator device from his belt and hold it to his mouth. I released another bullet. This one was lower than I would have liked. The neck. But none the less, it killed him. He fell to the floor. Lifeless. Six left.

I moved flat against the gantry and saw the weapons guy creep up behind one of the soldiers who was talking into the device. The weapons guy had his crowbar in his hand. And swiftly placed it around the soldier's neck. Strangling him. 5 left.

The main group consisted of three soldiers, all well-equipped. I waited for the prime moment to strike. They headed into an open container, plastered with the Black Mesa logo on the side. My hands shook, with adrenaline, fear and something else, something unknown. They walked out; I pulled the trigger three times. Each time I pulled the trigger. Their bodies fell lifelessly to the cold stone floor.

"2 Left," I said quietly. Ptang. I recoiled as I heard the sound, it sounded twice more. "I've been spotted!" I said quietly in a hush whisper.

I crawled to where the bars of the crane met. I rolled onto my back and released a clip of bullets into the white fluorescent lights in phosphorus tubes that hung above me. Plunging me into darkness. I then continued to shoot out the other lights. The darkness was ensnaring me deeper into a trap. I could feel it.

The bullets from below stopped. Everything had stopped. The clang of boots upon the metal rungs hadn't stopped though. It had started.

The boots against metal created a drumming noise in my head. Getting louder and louder. Then it stopped. And red lights flashed on. In front of me, and soldier his gun raised. Aimed at me. He walked closer. He stopped. "You." He said slowly as if searching for a correct word. "You killed, murdered my comrades, my friends!" "You will now die, you did it to my comrades, I will do it to you,"

I closed my eyes. I heard him load the gun. Dispelling the other bullets. I heard the gun fire. I didn't feel anything. I slowly opened my eyes. He wasn't there. I was alive. "Matt! You can come down now," I looked down to the right and saw all of my comrades, friends. Each of them with faces displaying mixed emotions. Some were laughing. Some were afraid. But Freya had puffy eyes. She had been crying.

"I-I'm coming," I said slowly.

Then a figure dressed in black with red tinted goggles came out from the shadows. Put something to his lips then ran off. Leaving a body lying on the floor.

When I reached the ground, I saw the group huddled around a body. I ran towards them. I saw him, the impatient one. On the floor, twitching coughing up blood. "It must have been poison," Joey said. I turned away; I didn't want to see such a sight. The images were left on my retina. The blood coming from his mouth.

I turned back to see Joey taking the dead man's leather jacket off and placing it over his face.

Freya piped up at last: "How did it happen?"

"I don't know, but we've got to go," Joey said.

"We can't just leave him here!" I protested. "It's inhumane,"

Joey bowed his head, " You've killed six people today, surely that's inhumane,"

"Yes," I said choosing the correct words "We would've had more casualties if I didn't though,"

Joey fell silent "Matt, I know he was a friend in arms, but there's nowhere to bury him,"

I had lost.

"C'mon, we need to go," Joey said with remorse for his fallen comrade.

I walked at the back of the group, with the weapons guy. "Matt, we lost a man today, but he died for our cause,"

I stopped walking. "And what is our cause?"

"To escape, to be free,"

We started walking again, "I'm sorry..." I said.

"For what?"

"For being angry,"

"It's fine Matt, it's natural, human nature,"

"I don't even know your name and we're fighting together, I didn't know his name," I said staring ahead my eyes full of remorse.

"If it helps, no one knew his name. And I'm Ash,"

We walked North again. Through corridors and access shafts. Then we reached a pumping station full of machinery. And a kind of balcony overlooking a pair of tesla coils. We walked to the balcony. "What are they?" Ash asked.

"They're tesla coils, I think they power electromagnets to pump water from the dam," Joey said. I heard it, footsteps.

"Hands up!" A voice commanded. We all raised our hands and Joey turned around, then we turned around. To see a military soldier. A gun in his hand. An explosion then ruptured from the tesla coils.

"Get down!" Joey shouted. We all hit the ground as the glass behind us shattered.

End
file.